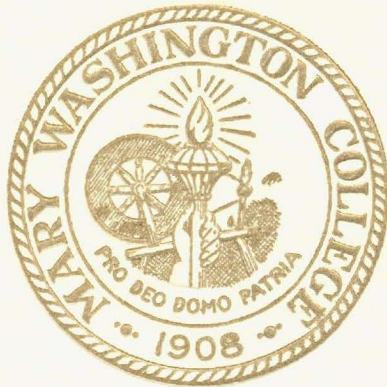


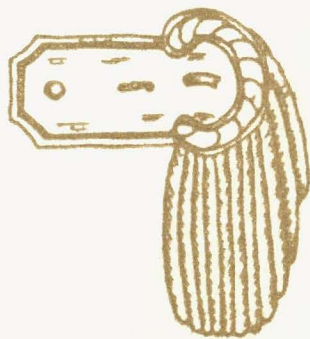
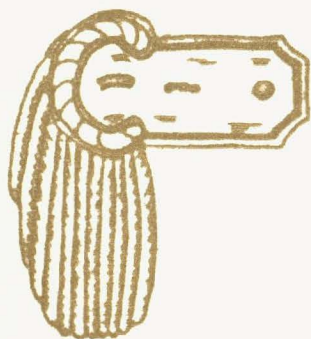
The EPAULET

June, 1941



MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

The
EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



The EPAULET

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by the STUDENTS of
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
under the Guidance of The Modern Portias

VOL. I

JUNE, 1941

No. 3

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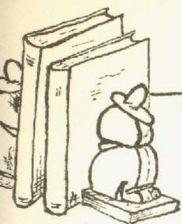


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To the Students and Faculty Whom It Concerns:

WHILE it has not yet been rendered possible in this world for one body of persons to incorporate their several thoughts, their various ideals, and the very pulsations of those matters closest to their hearts and souls into a single, composite message sufficient to represent the entire group, we sense, oftentimes, that if ever all their sensations and emotions could be recorded as one, the resulting thought would be harmonious and real. The members of the Class of 1941 cannot speak as a solitary unit; but this writer at least feels that among the Seniors there is an essence of mingled feelings and reflections which might, perhaps, be enfolded into one message. That message might assume the form of a Will or Testament rendered by the Class of 1941 unto the remaining student body and future student bodies of Mary Washington College. Might it not read somewhat as follows?

We, the Class of 1941, being of sound and disposing mind and reliable memory, do hereby make and publish this, our Last Will and Testament, in order to scatter among the students who are to succeed us and among that Faculty which has guided us to the threshold of our various careers, our fostering interest in our college and our appreciation for those benefits which we now cherish so profoundly.

In a world of grave certainties, in a world where to possess one day is no assurance of security for the next, we

discount our material property as negligible, as worthless, and we leave to our colleagues the only realities of life — those of education and of experience. The lingering memories of such realities we shall retain for ourselves; we shall cloister them within our minds and hearts that they may exist as bosom comrades in all that we may undertake. The recapturing of such realities, however, and the molding of them into new and vital experiences we bequeath to you — students of Mary Washington College — now and in the years yet to come.

ITEM: To Freshmen, we devise, but only for the period of their freshman year, those early impressions of sterling comradeship, of hopeful courage, and of wholesome, undaunted confidence which will spur them toward endless achievements and which will teach them to disdain their weaknesses. We give them the stretching lawns, the spacious buildings, the beckoning groves and every tree and pool to claim as their very own. We give them precious, stolen moments of companionship enjoyed in the dead of night amid hushed giggles and sudden sleepiness at the sound of stealthy footsteps in the halls. We give to them all the hilarious adventures that can befall only freshmen, and we give them that girlish, untrained vigor which it is still their privilege to enjoy.

ITEM: To Sophomores, we bequeath

the joys of parties, "proms," picnics, meetings, teas, and—week-ends—never more enjoyable than in that year where there is neither the timidity of the beginner nor the restraint and worries of an upperclassman. We also devise to them a gaiety which is both serious and rollicking, gracious and carefree. We impart to them an increased love and appreciation for learning, whether it be Shakespeare or Caesar, mathematics or art, shorthand or philosophy. May they love their Alma Mater more that they ever believed they could. May they walk over her domain with a greater zest and an enriched desire to personify all that is heralded by her ideals.

ITEM: We devise to members of the Junior Class that dignity which crowns the achievement of a college career and that unrestrained joy at the completed task. We give to them also the pleasant expectancy that enfolds us now as we approach the future. And may they experience that same spontaneous joy which enveloped us as we wore, for the initial time, the academic gown and the significant "mortar-board." The delicacy of those few hurried moments which precede and follow the awe-inspiring Baccalaureate and Commencement exercises. We grant, also, the pleasure of duties well-performed, of offices well-filled, and of services adequately and voluntarily rendered. In addition, we would bequeath to Juniors the serenity and tranquillity of our own campus, beautiful in a quiet, admirable

way. The delight to be derived from its gracious loveliness is never quite so apparent as it is in the last weeks which it is still yours to enjoy, for beauty is ever enhanced when tinged with sadness. Lastly, to Juniors, we devise that exhilarating knowledge which is fast becoming experience.

ITEM: To the Faculty, we would like to leave a larger patience and fuller understanding and appreciation of the task which is theirs, not because they have been incompetent; but because we hope their working with us has been of sufficient value to enrich even their own experiences. Whatever we may make of ourselves, may we be worthy members of society, and may the Faculty derive from our success keen pleasure because of the part they have rendered in attaining ideals and attitudes, and spiritual goals.

ITEM: Lastly, we bequeath to the student body, and to those student bodies yet to come, for the period of eternity, whatever we have captured of the gracious, elusive, all-inspiring, and prophetic spirit of Mary Washington. If we have caught any part of her being, though that part be no more than a vestige, may even that vestige be sown within the hearts of all students—there to bloom and embellish every phase of their material, intellectual, and spiritual relationships.

Witnessed this day, June 7, 1941:

KATHARINE F. NUTT,
Co-editor of The Epaulet.

Senior's Farewell

By

JUNE STOLL

Hail to thee, our dearest Alma Mater ;
Hail to thee, thy seniors to thee stand.
We, thy children, need thy helpful guidance
As we take our places in this land.

Through the years, we'll ever remember
Friendships made within these halls ;
So farewell. We bid adieu with sadness
As we leave thee, our Mary Washington.

It Can Happen Here

By

MRS. CHARLES LAKE BUSHNELL

. . . that one may walk with the beauty of bloom-decked trees, purple red, deep red, deep rose, round about, and looking thereon feel the uplift that comes with added appreciation for such natural loveliness.

. . . it can happen here that one may seek and find by the law of association scores of personalities that have much of worth and interest to give, and by that established contact broaden the viewpoint in making an estimate of fine traits and good qualities of one's "neighbor" which are there for the finding.

. . . it can happen here that one may make friends with good books and convert the mind into a veritable storehouse of literary treasures that enrich each day's living and weigh in the balances of each day like unalloyed gold.

. . . it can happen here that a new revaluation of truth and honesty and justice shall be lived with new zeal, with greater emphasis in the come and go of these feverish days, for truth and honesty and justice are the gleaming armor of real defense.

. . . it can happen here that acceptance of certain civic obligations to individuals, to organizations, to law, will

build towards a citizenship of larger value and greater sterling worth rated at a high premium for its clarifying power and steadying force in the great struggle back to an established government that shall truly be for the good of all peoples.

. . . it can happen here that one may look up at the Stars and Stripes, and through the grace of the softly moving folds of the flag, vision in part the great cost to noble patriots of long ago, who made the significance of that flag a reality because they dreamed a dream of liberty.

. . . it can happen here that education attained in part through the use of "tools," shall become a procedure in clear thinking that will in turn become alert, intelligent action sweeping along as an irresistible youth movement, universal, which shall decree that storm clouds, low and angry, shall not again possess the world.

. . . it can happen here that there will soon come to an ever-increasing number that greater appeal of the invitation sounded out by deep-voiced bells from quaint church towers to come into the temple with song and gladness, for it is good to come into the temple.

The Key

By

BETTY ALICE BOYES

RED—for the blood that was shed,
In winning the freedom we hold so dear
From prairie to sea.

WHITE—for the pureness and light,
Which democracy stands for over here
For you and for me.

BLUE—for the things that are true,
And the things to be proud of, not to fear—
And there lies the key.

One Star

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

The stars seem so near tonight
If I could, I would
Reach up and take
Just one and give it to you;
But you are far away,
Yet so near I could reach out
And touch your hand.
If you knew . . .

But then, does it matter?
You will go your way
Along life's road,
And I another . . . a life of dreams.

Our roads may never meet,
But when again the stars seem near
I shall reach out . . . but
You will be gone.

And I shall linger, just a little while,
And smile regretfully
At that one little star
I wanted to steal for you long ago.
Will you, perhaps, see it too?

Espionage

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

DANA glanced at her wristwatch. It was 9:00 P. M., and her train didn't leave until 10:00.

She had to spend her time some way; and, although she wasn't the least bit hungry, she walked into the Gateway Restaurant, took a seat at one of the horseshoe-shaped lunch counters, picked up a menu and ordered half a spring chicken with mushrooms, French fried potatoes, and a pot of tea.

While waiting for her order, she idly began to take stock of the occupants of the restaurant. Two seats away from her on her right, four young girls sat, noisily engaging in conversation. At brief intervals, some one of them would make an inane remark, which would cause the others to shriek with affected laughter. Dana wished they would leave because they annoyed her.

She opened her black patent-leather purse and took out a time-table. Engaged in the process of perusing it, she didn't observe at first the tall, handsome, middle-aged man who entered, and occupied a seat on the other side of the counter directly opposite her. When she did become aware of his presence, she was startled. His resemblance to Errol Flynn, the movie star, was so great that Dana was amazed. Just then the waitress brought her order, and she turned her attention to the food before her. She pushed the chicken around the plate with her fork, ate half a mushroom, and toyed with

the fried potatoes. Having tired of dallying with the food, she poured herself some tea, having noted delightfully that it was very hot. As she raised the cup to her lips, she glanced up quickly.

Just as she had expected, that man was staring at her. She lowered her eyes, glanced at her wristwatch, and decided it was still too early to leave. It was 9:30.

The waitress in the meantime, having noted that Dana had barely eaten a morsel, approached, and asked her if there were anything wrong with the order.

"Oh, no," Dana hastily assured her, "it's just that I'm not hungry."

Dana noticed that the man opposite her was just finishing the club sandwich he had ordered. She again consulted the time-table. Only fifteen more minutes before train time. This was as good a time to leave as any. She picked up her check and was about to take the book and magazine she had placed on the seat next to her when she noticed, out of the corner of her left eye, that that man was preparing to leave also.

With a woman's intuition she stopped, picked up her glass of ice water, and looked lazily around the room. Sure enough, the man who but a moment ago was on the verge of leaving, stopped short, too, replaced his check on the counter, and began fingering his cup of coffee. Dana sat sipping cold water

until 9:55. Still the man did not leave; but Dana's train would at 10:00 o'clock.

She shrugged her shoulders, picked up her belongings, walked toward the cashier, paid him one dollar, the amount of her check, and walked toward track No. 29. The man arose at the same time that Dana did, stood behind her as she paid her check, and followed her out into Union Station.

Then, as if he had never existed, he vanished into thin air. Dana having expected to confront him, turned around suddenly, only to find him gone. Again, she shrugged her shoulders. "One meets such queer people while traveling," she said to herself.

She boarded her train without difficulty, having no baggage to inconvenience her. She found herself in a crowded car filled with the queer combination of college girls and new army draftees. The draftees were in a boisterous, if not a hilarious mood. They were on their way to Petersburg, Virginia, where they would be given their army uniforms.

Dana sat down next to one of the draftees. Shortly the boy was pouring out the whole story of his life into her attentive ear. He talked of his job back home, the car he had but recently bought, and the girl he had left behind. His fellow draftees after making occasional remarks to him, such as: "Fast worker, eh, kid!" and "Didn't know you had it in you," left him alone and directed their attention to other college girls about them.

The door of the car opened, and three collegiate-looking girls about

twenty years old entered. Having seen Dana, they immediately rushed to her with cries of, "Honey, did you have a nice time?" and "Gee, darling, I'm glad to see you. Oh, look girls, see what she's wearing. Are you really pledged, darling? Come, tell us who is he?"

"Not here, girls, I'll tell you tomorrow," Dana replied.

"Oh, we get it. You want to be left alone with your soldier-boy."

"Right, now scat before——"

"All right. Honey, but if you get bored, just come sit with us. We've got boys from Randolph-Macon in our car."

With that the girls proceeded on their way, but Dana seemed to remember something. She turned around and shouted, "Hey, Lois, did you sign out my chapel cut for——" but Lois was out of hearing distance, and Dana, with an inwardly terrorized feeling, quickly turned around. For three seats behind her on the other side of the aisle sat the very same man who had stared at her in the Gateway Restaurant, then followed her out into the station, only to disappear.

"How did he get into this car," but more important still, "why?" Dana asked herself these questions as the army boy rattled on about what he had told his boss, when his boss had grumbled that he was late in his time schedule. He used to drive a local bus.

It might be pure coincidence, but—and here Dana shrugged her shoulders once more. "*C'est vie,*" she murmured to herself, "*C'est vie.*"

A conductor entered the car. "Next

stop, Fredericksburg," he shouted. "Fredericksburg, in five minutes."

There was a slight commotion. For this was journey's stop for the college girls. Here in this town of ten thousand inhabitants, the largest all-woman college in the state was located. Dana, too, got up. Sorrowfully, she said good-bye to her new friend and promised to write him.

"Be good, now," she said as the train came to a dead stop.

"Maybe, we'll meet again," he yelled to her.

"Yeah, maybe." Dana shouted back.

She had already reached the end of the car and descended the iron steps.

"Taxi, lady? Right this way."

In less than ten minutes Dana had reached her destination.

Meanwhile, in the railroad station at Fredericksburg, Special Investigator Lantin had just finished sending a telegram. It read:

FALSE LEAD. SUSPECT ONLY A
COLLEGE GIRL. AM RETURNING
TO WASHINGTON.

OPERATOR LXX.

As he sat waiting for a return train to the Capital, he thought of the girl he had suspecting of being a foreign secret agent. He guessed she was about twenty, although at times she did seem older. She was distinctly foreign. Her coal black hair, her dark large eyes and her yellowish skin was a mixture of races, he decided. Perhaps Eurasian. Ah, well. He was glad she had turned out to be just a mere college girl. No doubt, she was of Latin descent, although her skin was peculiar to that of an Oriental.

Yes, he was glad she wasn't a spy. Lantin, sometimes called Flynn because of his resemblance to a dashing movie star, boarded the train for Washington with a light heart.

Dana sat alone in her little room. Her eyes closed, she seemed lost in reverie. For fifteen minutes she sat thus, perfectly relaxed, perfectly at ease. Someone knocked softly at the door. She opened it to admit the three girls who had "kidded" her in the train about her soldier-boy.

"Well, Dana. How'd we do."

"You were grand. Acted exactly like college girls."

"Do you think it threw him off the track? You know Lantin is rath——"

"Yes, I'm quite sure it did. Let's forget about him. We've got work to do—no time to lose."

She turned to her desk and reached for a pencil. In so doing, her eyes fell upon a little bronze tablet that acted as a paper weight. She put down the pencil and picked up the tablet. Caressing it lovingly, her lips moving as if in prayer, she translated the queer inscriptions it bore.

The three girls watching her action said nothing. This happened quite often and they were used to it. Past experience had taught them that it would all be over in a few minutes.

So, for perhaps the hundredth time, they listened meekly as Dana chanted over and over in a scarcely audible voice:

"The democracies will some day rule the earth. . . . The democracies . . ."

Ode To A Wondering Schoolboy

By

RUSTY GREENHILL

I

Father, father, I yearn to travel,
To wander far and wide,
And visit places on this earth
Where men have sacrificed for pride.

Father, father, I yearn to venture
And learn the native lores,
And visit all the distant isles,
And hear the surf pound on their shores.

Father, father, won't you take me
Beyond the seven seas,
And show me all the happy folk
And tell me their histories?

Father, father, let me wander
Through cathedrals' ancient halls,
Through palaces and places old—
For grandeur my starved soul enthralls.

Father, father, why do you look thus;
Yo do not like my schemes?
What makes you shake that thoughtful head
And call my plans "romantic dreams"?

II

My son, my son, abide at home
And watch these fields of green,
And hear the shepherds' horn at dawn,
And keep your thoughts serene.

My son, my son, you must not roam,
The world's not what it seems ;
For ruins are now the spires there—
Cathedrals? Only in dreams.

My son, my son, men are so cruel ;
They little heed the arts,
The best their clumsy hands create
Destroys the creation of men with hearts.

My son, my son, lust lures them on,
And power their only craze.
And so 'midst bombs and bayonets
The muses are enslaved.

My son, my son, gone are those sights
That you would love to see,
And all the beauty on this earth
Lies here "twixt" you and me.

To Britain

By

ROBERTA CHATKIN

Though you are now in a sea of blackness,
The surge of battle that you know
Brings a heartening warmth within,
For the fires of liberty are still aglow!
The darkness that is now present
Cannot dispell your people's cheer,
For they know as long as truth is right
They'll not have cause to fear.

As the siren has shrieked its signal
That the immediate danger is past,
The people do not quake with fright
Because the alarm is not the last.
"Thumbs up!" cry your men of battle.
"The enemy will not win!", your countrymen say,
For the dawn is now approaching,
And with it there comes a new day.

A Summer's Day

By

SALLIE ROLLER

IT is one of those hot, sultry, mid-summer days, so still that there seems to be an air of expectancy in each softly rustling corn blade. A dog, basking in the heat of the noonday sun, suddenly raises his head and looks around as if troubled, then sighs audibly and replaces his head between his paws, yielding to the lethargy which has all the world in its grip. The sky, so blue it is almost dazzling, contains only a few wisps of clouds hardly moved by the soft breezes.

The afternoon wears on; the grass is dusty and withered; and the tender garden vegetables are hot and wilted. The stillness is almost complete.

Then comes a change in the atmosphere—a faint suggestive promise of relief from the sweltering heat. There is a light, almost imperceptible rumble of thunder far to the East. The thunder heads, like dirty grey bolls of cotton, gather in that direction. The dog

raises his head and listens to the complaining, grumbling voice of the thunder. A breath of air turns the leaves on the orchard trees softly. A shower is on the way!

Then the breeze quickens, and the thunder becomes more noticeable, the clouds darken, and there become the soft, solid grey formed by falling rain.

A few drops, the vanguard of the army, quietly patter down, and the dog, feeling the cool drops on his shaggy coat, moves to cover; but the corn, the grass, and the trees stand and joyfully greet the oncoming rain.

For a time the torrent pours down, driving, beating its way into the ground. None of the dreary winter drizzle for this summer day. It came swiftly; now it is gone. As the clouds move on the last golden rays of the sun, already near the horizon, slip through and bathe the world in bright, glistening light.

Night

By

MARTHA VIRGINIA ANDERSON

AS we sat on the bench and watched the dark shadows of night creep over the surface of the water, the following picturesque scene was laid before us.

The soft, mellow moon raised its disk in order to light the dull horizon. The calm waves washed the white sand of the shore. There was a brisk wind which blew the small ship-like clouds across the sky. In the distance the swish of paddles and the hum of voices could be heard, as a row-boat passed. A lighthouse, like a crown of sparkling jewels, was delineated against the dark background of the sky. The faint shrill of whistles could be heard from steam-boats slowly drifting into what seemed eternity, and slowly, surely, we ceased to think, even to feel.

California

By

ANN JONES

“OAKLAND! All off at Oakland!” These words announced our arrival at Oakland, California, at 8:30 P. M. on a dark July evening. When we alighted from the Pullman, we were greeted by a dust of cold air; and we wondered where “sunny, warm California” was.

We found that it was necessary to take a ferry to San Francisco across Oakland Bay; so we followed the crowd onto the ferry. This having been our first visit to California, we decided to go out on the front of the ferry where we could watch our approach to San Francisco. It was rather chilly and our light coats didn't help the matter much; but we decided to brave the cold. In a little while the whistle of the ferry announced our departure. As we moved out onto the bay, the wind began to blow and we reached for our hats. We soon overheard someone say the temperature was sixty degrees; consequently we began to think about the people back home sweltering while we were freezing.

After thirty minutes of freezing, we saw the lights of San Francisco. As soon as we landed, we went to the Hotel Stewart, where Father had engaged rooms for us.

You would naturally think that we would have gone to bed, wouldn't you? No, not us! We made up our minds that we wanted to see Chinatown; so we proceeded to take a “cable car”

there. Cable cars were necessary because San Francisco is built on seven very steep hills.

After about a fifteen-minute ride on the cable car, on which with the exception of two Chinamen we were the sole occupants, we arrived in the midst of Chinatown. The sight which greeted our eyes was especially enchanting. There were gorgeous Oriental lamps on the street corners which cast a haunting, dim light over the narrow street. Exquisite little shops lined the street shops which sold delicate, beautiful Chinese jewelry, clothing, furniture, etc.

Languid Chinese music floated from lighted entrances — entrances which possessed the atmosphere of old China herself. As I watched the people, dressed in their queer Chinese garb and jabbering their queer Chinese language, it was hard for me to realize that I was walking the streets of a good, old-fashioned American city, rather than some out-of-the-way one in China.

It was with regrets that we left this enchanting place and returned to our hotel near midnight.

We had looked forward to being greeted by a flood of California sunlight when we arose in the morning; but, to our disappointment, when we looked out of the window, we saw not sun, but fog and clouds. Though we were excited, we ate a hearty breakfast and afterwards went down to the depot

to take a ferry to "Treasure Island," which, as you know, was the location of the Golden Gate Exposition.

We had forgotten all about our disappointment in the weather in the excitement of watching the ferry push away from the dock, when all at once we saw the sun burst forth from the dull gray of the clouds. It was magnificent! The whole bay seemed to be filled with gorgeous, sparkling diamonds!

Presently, something loomed before us—a something which seemed at first to be a miniature fairyland. We had arrived at Treasure Island! Lining the driveways were tall, stately palms, and flowers. Only the flowers in California come in such exquisitely gay colors as the ones we saw on that day!

The buildings, Oriental in design, the innumerable fountains, the little coolies transporting visitors over the fair grounds in quaint jinrikishas—all seemed as if they had just stepped out of a modernistic painting, gay with color and life.

One of the most beautiful buildings at the Exposition was the Flower Building. Here were flowers of every size, shape, color, and species. And what flowers! Some of the blossoms were so large that Father's hat couldn't cover them.

Toward evening we were strolling casually down one of the avenues when we heard strains of the "rumba." The rhythmical beat of the music drew us nearer and nearer to an adobe building where a large crowd had assembled. We stood on our tiptoes to see above the heads of the people, and saw the

gaily-dressed group of men playing "marimbas." They played one piece after another, each more fiery than the last. We soon found out that these dark, handsome men were native Guatemalians who had come to play at the exhibit of their country. They seemed the embodiment of a land like Guatemala, languid yet fiery. Their nimble fingers flew over the "marimbas" and their bodies swayed to the gay music.

At last we left the Marimba Band and walked once again onto the fair grounds. This Exposition was indeed a Treasure Island at night! Everywhere were soft, Oriental lights which cast their mystic rays upon the lovely surroundings. It seemed as if Paradise had come to life here!

After another week of sightseeing in San Francisco, we left for Ceres, which is a charming little town ninety miles south of San Francisco. Ceres is noted for having the largest one-man-owned chicken farm in the world. Can you imagine seventy thousand chickens on one farm?

While in Ceres, we met a very interesting gentleman, a Mr. Collins, who owned an adobe house built by Mexican labor. It seems that it was constructed from bricks made right on the ground where the house itself was built. We were fascinated when Mr. Collins showed us around the place and told us of the walls, which were about one foot thick and which kept the intense summer heat out. It was really Nature's own air-conditioning system!

The red and yellow Mexican kitchen was especially interesting. The owner laughingly told us that the ceiling was

painted red to give a healthy glow to pale, old faces.

Each room in this lovely one-story adobe house opened onto a porch, beyond which stretched a yard crowded with gaily colored flowers. There were also tall, graceful palm trees and many fruit trees.

During our stay in Ceres we were driven to Sonora and Long Barn, two little towns situated far up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In Long Bar we saw the largest toboggan slide in the world. I can easily see why it draws tremendous tourist crowds. The tall fir trees along the way perfumed the air with a healthy fragrance, which combined with the cool, clear air, was invigorating.

Our stay in this lovely section of California was all too soon brought to a close, and we found ourselves one night in a Pullman bound for Los Angeles.

Early the next morning we arrived at the "City of Angels" where the sun, at last, was shining brightly. As we entered the station, we were amazed at the number of really well-dressed men and women we saw. Los Angeles claims to be "the best-dressed city in the world" and I believe that they are right if the crowd was a fair example.

Our first interest was, of course, in Hollywood—that exciting and mysterious place where all kinds of miracles are performed. We were fortunate enough to obtain passes to the RKO Studios, and we were allowed to lunch at the Studio Restaurant. I may state that we hardly touched our lunch, so

intent were we upon the famous faces we saw around us. About five tables from ours and facing our way was the comedian—Jack Oakie. His long hair cut, and black and white striped sweat shirt was certainly no indication of a famous movie actor.

"Who is that?" my sister asked. "That man in the green slack suit?" We all looked and, lo and behold! there was Kay Kyser at the next table! I nearly fell out of my seat when he smiled at us. He soon left his table and went to another and began talking with Ginny Simms.

Alan Hale was also having lunch at this time, but instead of being the rough guy of the movies we were surprised to find that he was a tall, distinguished-looking man, dressed very simply in a dark blue suit.

William Gargan, in his traditional cowboy suit, passed us on the way out. Yes, sir!, there he was as big as life with a gaping red gash on his cheek!

It was amazing to see all the big players going calmly about their business of eating lunch, and in make-up and costume. And, of course, all of the women were eating salads and drinking fruit juices, as we had read about in the movie magazines.

After lingering over our lunch for an hour, we were conducted over the grounds of the studio. We saw many sets, but were especially delighted with the one for the picture, "Little Men." The guide told us that the farm which we inspected carefully included a white frame house with a beautiful lawn, a rustic bridge under which ran a rippling stream. There was even the barn

in which Elsie, "the Glamor Cow," was housed. We didn't miss seeing the many ducks and chickens running around the place and the several farm wagons which were standing on the dirt road leading to the house.

The house had the appearance from the outside of being a well-built, two-story one, but upon investigating the interior we found only one story fully built—the second story being only a front. The guide told us that all scenes which, in the movies, are supposed to take place on the second floor are always "shot" on the first.

We were also shown the shop in which miniature machines and other structures are created for certain movie scenes. I was frightened when we were shown a stuffed gorilla which was about three feet high, and was used in pictures to portray a towering ferocious beast.

We eventually took leave of this fascinating movie set and explored Hollywood itself. I cannot remember all we saw, but I think the most interesting thing was the "Chinese Theater"

in front of which are the hand and footprints of many famous movie stars. We were surprised to find that the hands and feet of the actresses are so extremely small.

We realized that it would soon be time to head East again, and we were sad as we strolled slowly from the Mexican village and saw the cross of an old Catholic mission, "The Old Mission Plaza Church." The patio to its side looked very cool and inviting, so we wandered in. Inside there was a feeling of restfulness and holiness such as I have never experienced before. Many poor Mexicans were praying. Mexicans are intensely religious folk. Even now, whenever I feel disturbed or restless I wish that I were near the "Old Mission Plaza Church," and could enter its sacred portal; could see again its soft candlelight, and could feel again its tranquillity.

When we left the old mission, the sun was sinking low, and, on turning to watch it go to rest, we saw the cross outlined against this fiery setting. Thus we said *au revoir* to glorious California.



A Thought

By

KATHLEEN CRITCHETT

Poor little troubled boy, mine own!

Everything will work out fine.

Don't worry so much. Just let things go.

I hate to see you sad, for I love you so.

Disillusionment

By

NORA HUTT

It's strange how we sit and want to write
When someone has hurt us deeply.
Yes, it's strange how a person whom
We have trusted can change our life so completely.

I shouldn't feel this way.
I have so much—health, and strength, and love.
Yet, today that faith I had in you
Took wings and flew far, far away.

Will it ever come back? I do not know.
Not even you can answer that
Because, you see, you killed
Something that belonged to a younger me.

Tomorrow I'll be the same in looks,
But I can never be the same.
Hidden deep within my breast
Disillusionment has found a rest.

Dear God, what have I done!
Please help me to understand.
Is it that my childhood has gone
And today I am a man?

Nocturne

By

ALMEDA HILL

Last night I walked in the Rotunda . . .
And as I climbed the narrow, twisted stair,
The hushed, persistent footsteps of the Past
Walked behind me—yet before me, too—
As wonderingly I walked around,
And from the balustrade looked out,
Upward, to the misty vastness of the dome,
Downward, to a column-circled ballroom
Where suddenly an hundred couples laughed and waltzed.

I felt the glow of that forgotten scene,
Sighed, and suddenly the light was gone.
Another sigh, and yet another whispered around me.
I turned, and in a window niche the Poet seemed to sit,
Returned from evening's dissipations
With tangled hair, and twisted stock, and spotted vest;
And from his bloody face his great black eyes burned out
Across the Lawn—
Across a million miles of universe,
To some far Eldorado.

I sought the steps, and higher still
I climbed—up to the highest level
Where there was darkness, and a sweet mysterious terror
Of memory-ghosts that still return
To some unearthly place.
I felt my way along, past white and gently curving doors,
Behind which once stood ancient, well-read books.
Footsteps rose and fell. There seemed a thousand
Of them in that silent hall.

I backward glanced, and saw but black behind me,
Looked out and saw him standing far
Across the round abyss
Beneath the dome, which glowed with eerie light.
A thrill went through me, and I spoke:
"Take me with you to your cloud-world;
I, too, would seek an Eldorado!"
He shook his head, and slowly, sadly turned,
And sighed. There came a swift, sharp rush of air
As through the void a mighty raven soared,
And beat his wings against the night.
I murmured low; my words came back thrice whispered,
"Nevermore!"

Place: Corner of Main and Taylor Place

Time: 3:30 A. M.

By

CATHERINE MURPHY

THE black interminable darkness swirls in the town from all outlying streets. Merely hazy, ghost-like forms of usually humming stores loom silently in the distance. The Young Men's Christian Association Building across the street with its Elizabethan style of architecture seems slightly out of place, for one expects to see candles gleaming in the windows slumberously at a hitching post. Yet only a few of the boys, in quite a happy frame of mind, lounge on the stone steps, while their car, a broken-down Ford Model-T, is parked with an air of futility at the curb.

The monotonous click of the mechanism in the stop light sounds surprisingly loud in the silence that surrounds it. A dingy street light casts its pale, cold glow in a small circle on the sidewalk, only emphasizing the bleak darkness of the night. Huge vans loaded with milk, oranges, cabbages, dry goods and an innumerable amount of other of the mainstays of human life roar past on their way to Boston, attempting to get there by dawn. The drivers of these trucks are ever alert, fighting off sleep. Their diversions to overcome unwelcome slumber are many, ranging from singing operatic arias in raucous, unmelodious voices to whistling insig-

nificant tones at any female that happens to be out at such an early hour of the morning.

The all-night "bean wagon" on one corner shines forth a haven in a black world. The lights blaze out on the street a welcome sign to passing wanderers. Benny Goodman's "Royal Garden Blues" blares from the inevitable jukebox. Always in competition with the ensuing din are the voices of the patrons and the greasy, ever-smiling proprietor who yells back to the galley-like kitchen, "Hamburger with" or "The 60-cent special, and a side order of French fries." Along the counter sprawl tired bus drivers, truck drivers dirty with the grime of the road, policemen just off the beat, traveling salesmen, fat cigars in hand, laughing uproariously at a new round of humorous stories, the usual number of lean hangers-on, loud, attention-attracting, over-painted women, and a smattering of high school kids just back from a dance looking superior in evening clothes.

The streets are barren and lonely. The wind whips cruelly in from the river, slinks up and down the streets and deserted alleys. A huge, dirty-white gutter cat moves along close to the buildings, and crouches on its haunches in a dismal doorway, out of reach of

the wind. Its eyes and ears are alert,
the beast sits—waiting.

The click of the stop light continues;
the “Y” is now left to dream in peace,

alone. The trucks roll by on their end-
less journeys. The juke-box wails on
and the clock on the bank points sleepily
to 4:00 A. M.



Harmony

By

ELLEN THORNTON

A black cat among red roses!
“Egg yolks in a blue bowl”!
Sunshine through leafy trees!
Goats on a grassy knoll!

Moonlight on a garden plot!
Sunlight on soapy suds!
Rain on a new umbrella!
Dew on pink rosebuds!

Sunset on a dancing lake!
Dawn with a singing bird!
Twilight and a croaking frog!
Music with words you’ve heard!

White letters on a black book front!
Black horses on a yellow lamp shade!
Sapphires on long, slender fingers!
A stream with children to wade!

A girl, a boy, both young!
A beach in shimmering moonlight!
The scent from the rose in her hair!
And love on this enchanting night!

Theater!

By

RUSTY GREENHILL

THE sound of subdued murmurs; the cultured voices of the upper class; the giggle of a school-girl; the excited whisper of a stranger from out of town; the voices of luxuriously clad barkers, calling their wares through the aisles; the dropping of a pocketbook; the cold air rushing in from a door marked "Exit" in red letters; a gaily lighted chandelier suspended from the center of an ethereal-like dome; a decorated curtain displaying the word, "Asbestos" . . .

This — the Theater; and this — its Audience!

The frenzy of last-minute preparation; the soft and hasty patter of a stage technician; the clink of a hammer; the sound of a slapping rope as it hits the "flat"; the calm fingers of the seamstress; the quiet artistry of the make-up man; the mingled odors of paints and perspiration . . .

This — the Theater; and these — its Creators!

The frantic rustlings of a script; the mumbled accents of a Russian spy; the hushed tapping of a painted ballerina; the muted raps of a blind man's twisted cane . . .

This — the Theater; and these — its Actors!

And then, and then suddenly, the call boy's magic words: "Curtain going up!"

The dimming of the lights; the clack of the curtain on its pulley; a hush, as the play begins . . . *this is the Theater!*

Artistry

By

MARTHA VIRGINIA ANDERSON

A COLD, bleak rain came down and covered the surface of the earth as a river swells and overflows its banks. The March wind bent the trees to the ground in a U-shape. Black clouds hung low over the earth—clouds like shades that are broken and hanging. Little streaks of light flashed in the background. In the foreground people and houses appeared. Because of their fear, the people stood like frozen statues. Everything was out of place.



Forever

By

DOROTHY TUCK

Can it be that this my heart cries out for thee?

No, never! I declare, and go my way with head
Hung low and eyes that see not those who walk about
Me.

Can it be that this my soul cries out for thee?

No, never! I declare, and go my way with hands
Hung limp and feet that stumble helplessly along
Life's path of misery.

Can it be that this my—Ah, well, what's the use?

For even as I say "No, never!" something deep
Inside me whispers, "Fool, you lie."

Silence

By

PEGGY DRAPER

Why does this silence prevail?
Why is everything standing so still?
Why do the clouds in the heavens
Look down on a forlorn rill?

The life that was here has departed;
Some to the East or the West,
Some to the North or the South,
But each to the place she loves best.

Vacation time has claimed them
And they're off for a summer of fun;
But autumn will find them returning,
Yes, each and every one.

Back to their books and their papers,
Back to the now forlorn rill,
Back to the fun and the studies,
Back to our own dear "hill."

I Sit Alone

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

Here on the prairie I sit alone,
And the time seems long to me.
This little shack is all my own,
And guests are a rarity.

Just fourteen feet long and ten feet wide
Is all the space my palace can boast.
I have curtains that twice have been dyed,
And books which I love most.

A shovel hangs on the door outside,
And makes a constant clamor;
I like to think, when I have died,
It will not cease its rammer.

Sometimes its beating will sound
Like someone coming to call. . . .
One long expected, but then I think of a mound,
And my hopes crash—not one—but all.

I never look forward to tomorrow,
I guess all hope has flown;
There is in my heart only deep sorrow,
And so I sit alone.

Follow The Song In Your Heart

By

NANCY CLAIRE WATKINS

IT was spring in Paris—the kind of spring of which Paris alone could boast. The heart of Paris, as in other days, expanded in the spring sunshine and beat more quickly; and those people of Paris who always love more passionately, weep more unre-servedly, and laugh more ardently than any other race in the world went about their business of laughing, and crying, and loving with renewed vigor. Yes, Paris was beautiful in the spring; but the great Mme. Amoinette du Chatelet, the adored idol of Paris's L'Opera Comique was temporarily un-mindful of it as she sat in her dressing room reading a letter from her daughter—a letter which was evidently un-usual, for the smile which stole over her lips as she read the salutation, "Ma Chere Mamma," changed to a slight frown as she read on:

Paris

May 6, 1941.

MA CHERE MAMMA:

I don't know exactly how to begin this letter. It is a rather hard one to write. Let me say at the very beginning that if I have hurt you by doing what I have done—by marrying the man I love (there the cat is out of the bag)—I beg your forgiveness. You will forgive me, I believe, for all mothers have to forgive at one time or another. I know that you had great plans for my future. I will always remember the shining light in your eyes when you would come

back to your dressing room after ac-cepting curtain call after curtain call and say, "Some day, Ma Chere Be-lette, you, too, will be famous. You will make people weep and laugh and love a great deal more easily than I have ever done." But you see it didn't work out that way, in spite of the way you worked and slaved for me. How you labored over my scales and arpeggios! How strict you were with my breath control! And later when I studied in Italy and Ger-many, how anxious you were to learn of my improvement! And how gen-erous you were with your money! But you ignored the fact that I am not the pure artist you are. I cannot sacrifice my all for one perfect note—one perfect song. Like most wo-men I am human, and when love came my way I snatched it with both hands.

Now, you were built differently. You never knew what love can mean—sublime artist that you are. Forgive me if I seem hard, but I don't be-lieve you cast a second glance at any man—except, of course, my father, whom the whole world knew you did not love, though goodness knows you had all of eligible Paris at your feet!

So, Ma Cherie, though it may hurt you, try to forget that you are an artist and remember that I, lacking your indifference to love, have taken the way of woman's universal desti-nation. Can you try to understand, dear mother?

Ever your loving daughter,

BELETTE.

Mme. Chatelet read the note a sec-ond time and brushed her hand across

the page as if by this act to erase the words from it. Then, like one in a trance, she crossed the room and took from the strong box on her dressing table a stack of letters tied with faded blue ribbon. She untied the packet and, picking one letter up from the pile, she read:

Paris
May 6, 1930.

MA CHERE AMOINETTE:

I am a man of few words and have not the ability to put my deepest feelings on paper. You know of my sincere love for you and have truthfully expressed yours for me. I think our life together would be idealistic; but we have discussed this time and again and I have explained to you that my wife cannot carry on a career after marriage. You misguidedly insist educating your daughter to follow in your footsteps. In order to carry out your plan you must have money—money which I as a poor man cannot let you have, though I would be willing, as I have

said before, to support her as my own daughter.

Belette does not have the pure, self-sacrificing qualities which you possess and which I admire in you. Must your love for me and my love for you be sacrificed to a cause that is already lost? I am leaving Paris tomorrow morning for good. If you will reconsider, meet me at our usual place, the little cemetery on the Rue de Montaigne, after you sing tonight. I shall be waiting.

You told me once, Ma Cherie, that my love was a song in your heart. I beg you, follow the song in your heart.

MICHAEL CALAS.

The next evening a veiled woman visited the little cemetery on the Rue de Montaigne and left flowers on an unpretentious grave whose headstone bore the name, Michael Calas. Since it was twilight the cemetery was empty of visitors and only the silent trees heard her whisper, as she bent to put the flowers on the grave, "I beg you, follow the song in your heart."



Blessings of Mine

By

EDITH WHITTEMORE

Into my life have come some blessed things,
Things of which a poet never sings.
Things that would not even count for you,
And, yet, each day I find some wonder new.

Ineffaceable

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

I thought at first I could not bear
To see the setting sun,
To go outside, to watch the tide,
To sing and dance, and to have fun.

I felt that all that mattered was gone,
That life was empty and bare.
I tried to tell my aching heart
I really didn't care.

At first my efforts were in vain.
I could not stem the tide
Of memories, the thought of you
Kept welling up inside.

The days were long, it mattered not
That others laughed and grinned.
My eyes were closed, my lips were sealed;
I knew not friend nor kin.

But time, dear time, at last did heal
All ache and pain; and then,
I slowly raised my head to see
The rising sun again.

My lips began to move in prayer
To God so good, so true.
I wanted him my thanks to hear.
Life had begun anew.

But when I opened my mouth to speak
To Him who sits above,
My traitorous heart would only say,
"Send back my faithless love."

Tormented

By

AMINEE JONES

I told him I loved him,
But now a regret
That I ever told him so,
And I feel the shame of it yet,
For I meant to hurt him.
It gave me cruel joy
To know that he suffered .

His heart was a toy
For my hateful jokes,
Yet he trusts and loves me
I know. And he will
Pour out his soul to me
Again and again,
Not knowing I'm laughing
At all of his pain.

Oh, nature despicable!
Oh, girl's vanity!
To seek out and torture
With misery so deliberate.
Three simple words, conceived
And then said, Only to find that
They'd go to his head.

Pondering

By

DOROTHY TUCK

EVERY night at 11 P. M. a bell can be heard ringing in every dormitory. A person standing on the outside can see the lights wink out like so many fireflies going on a sit-down strike. In a few minutes all is quiet at Mary Washington College. The person on the outside has a vision of girls in curlers and cold cream snuggling deep down into their beds, preparing for a trip into the land of forgetfulness. But I wonder how many persons on the outside ever think of the girl in the closet, laboring feverishly over a chemistry test scheduled for the next day.



One Thing Lacking

By

BETTY ALICE BOYES

In your fond glance there's all of love,
All of moonlight, all of stars,
And in your gaze there's promise sweet
Of madder things than trips to Mars.
Your smile says more than many tongues—
It has no fault of any sort—
Your eyes light up with gleam enough
To make a maiden swoon—in short,
There's only one thing wrong, you see—
None of your glances are meant for me!

My Skipper

By

VIVIAN COAKLEY ALE

I'm coming home to play with you;
Maybe we can find that old tennis ball.
You'll run where I toss it,
And seize it joyously, bouncing from the fall.

Of course, Skipper, chances are
You've grown a little old since '37
When we had time to play,
But remember '41 is on its way.

I've been working hard—perhaps
For no other reason
Than to return home
So we can have another playful season.

Sunshine, leisure, walks, and books,
Badminton and hammocks in nooks,
All are rewards along with you,
My little terrier of '42.

The Heart of America

By

A. FLORENCE AHMAN

*"Sure a little bit of heaven
Fell from out of the sky one day
And did nesile on the ocean
In a spot so far away. . ."*

EVERYONE has heard the story about how Ireland came to be and about the angels who came and made the shamrocks grow; but few know this tale about old Erin.

Many, many years later the angels came again to the Emerald Isle, to a place called County Down, and this time they left a wee bonnie lassie named Mollie Malone. She was born on the Feast of the Assumption; therefore she was christened Mary after the Virgin.

As the years passed, Mollie blossomed into one of Ireland's fairest flowers. Daily she rose and went about her baking and cleaning with a song on her lips and a smile in her heart. Then she would take her basket upon her arm and go about her task of ministering to the old and the sick. Wherever she went, she brought sunshine and good cheer until there wasn't a soul in the whole of Ireland who wouldn't have gladly given his life for pretty Mollie Malone. One day Mollie fell in love with one Patrick McCourt, and they were married in the village church by the same old priest who, eighteen years before, had baptized Mollie.

It wasn't long after that Pat wanted to go to America. It was a wonderful place where everyone could be happy and they'd have everything they wanted so Pat told Mollie. So they went to this land of opportunity; and, indeed, they had everything they desired. God blessed them with four fine sons and a daughter. Pat owned the land which had given him and his children their livelihood. Mollie had their own home. What more could they desire? They worshipped God as they pleased. They had a voice in the governing of this nation which they loved so well; but into every life some rain must fall, and when the great war came Mollie received more than her share. Because this war was to end all wars and to make the whole world like America, a place of freedom and liberty for all, she gave her husband and four sons. When it was all over, Mollie Malone was glad that she had repaid her country for the happiness it had given her, although the price was dear. Now, thank God, Mollie Malone sleeps peacefully in the land she bought with blood. She doesn't know that she gave her loved ones in vain, and that soon her grandsons will probably be fight-

ing to make the rest of the world like America.

This isn't the story of just one American mother. It is the story of millions of mothers every generation who bring forth the men and women

that make these United States the land of freedom and liberty, so on this Mother's Day ask God to bless first the American mothers, the heart of this nation, and then to bless America, the land of liberty.



Endeavor

SALLIE ROLLER

By

What did I do today to help mankind?

That is the question to ask yourself at night.

What have I done to cultivate my mind

That I may better labor for the right?

We are too prone to drift, and not to do—

To follow all the simple walks of life—

To care only for ourselves, no matter who

Is fighting, and is failing in the strife.

Shake from your shoulders dull monotony.

On every hand are things which must be done.

Just do your rightful share, and you will see

That true success has entered at your door.

Pondering

By

ROBERTA CHATKIN

If I could but find words that would tell what I
 feel to those who find time to read,
If I could but paint the scenes I see so
 that others would find beauty in them too,
If I could but sing, I'd raise my head and send
 the melodies pouring forth,
If I could but play, I'd show the world that
 music was not written for naught.

Of, these "ifs" that exist!
Why must they be?
Why can't I do one of these things?
For if I could, I know, Dear Lord, I'd be happier
 than a king among kings.



Incident

By

BETTY ALICE BOYES

I recall the day, when I was small—
It really wasn't hard at all—
I caught a tiny butterfly
 Flitting along so shy.
Between my hands I held it fast
Until my friend exclaimed at last,
 "You'll crush the poor thing; let it go!"
And so I did—but do you know?
It flew near the top of the telephone pole,
And the bird perched there swallowed it whole!

Happiness

By

JAYNE ANDERSON

For what are we seeking,
In life, so hard to find,
That which is ever fleeting,
And leaving us behind?

A gay and merry life,
Dashing, recklessly spent,
Leading only to strife,
And never to content.

We take the path of toil,
And wealth's fair heights attain;
But from wealth soon recoil
To find but chaff our gain.

Or knowledge do we seek,
Hoping to reach our goal;
But faltering and weak,
Still there's no peace for the soul.

The crown of fame we wear,
For deeds so brave we did;
But this brought only care,
And not the thing we bid.

For riches, wit and fame,
The restless soul doth strive;
But happiness ne'er comes,
Nor peace of mind arrives.

For happiness to find,
Or pure contentment win,
Thyself forget in mind,
And love thy fellowmen.

A Half Hour In A Bus Station

By

MARTHA THOMAS CUNNINGHAM

IT all happened in a crowded bus terminal. The same scene is enacted day after day and night after night; yet not until a few days ago did the vastness of this human drama occur to me. While I waited in the terminal for the bus to leave, my eyes wandered idly over the various passers-by. A few of the faces caught my attention.

First, I saw a mother. There was hope and anxiety in her face as she, too, waited for a bus to carry her homeward. She was restless and impatient to be on the way to her loved ones.

There was a blind man. His face shone with faith as he followed his wife. His every move depended upon her. Hers was a calm face. She was aware of her responsibility and was doing her best to let a little sunshine into the life of her blind husband.

I saw a foreigner too. He was small, humped, and tried to make his way among the crowd as inconspicuously as possible. He carried a large paper bag under one arm. This made him feel more self-conscious. He felt out of place and confused as he glanced around at the mob of milling people. Once or twice he ventured to get in-

formation from some of them, but his broken English permitted little conversation.

And I must not forget the young college girl who was bidding farewell to several young people who had come to see her on her way to college. All of youth's happy dreams of success in life were written on her face. She spoke first to one and then to another, smiling at their farewell messages.

At the lunch counter was the usual turmoil. A throng of people gathered about the counter to get some last bit of refreshment before they started on their journey.

Behind the ticket window the agent sat looking snug and bored, answering questions in monosyllables. Quickly, accurately, and with no seeming effort, he handed out tickets and made change.

For nearly a half hour I sat motionless watching the crowd move to and fro. Suddenly a voice called from the distance, "Bus leaving from Platform No. 4 in five minutes for Richmond, Fredericksburg, Washington and points north." My half hour's wait had slipped by very pleasantly, and I was ready to go back to college and to my studies.

This World

By

ELLEN THORNTON

I.

Trees and flowers,
Mountains and hills,
Grass and birds,
Rocks and rills!
Butterflies, bees,
Sun and stars,
Men and women,
Unlike on Mars!
Rivers, ponds,
Seas, and streams,
Breezes, wind, and
Slanting sunbeams!

II.

Rain, hail,
Snow and sleet,
Beetles and ants
Under feet!
Sadness, sorrow,
Gaiety, fun,
Hurry, scurry,
On the run!
Hardships, heartaches,
Ups and downs,
Smiles and grins,
Scowls and frowns!

III.

Poverty, wealth,
Dirty and clean,
Tall, short,
Fat and lean!
Black and white,
Brown and red,
All with mouths
To be fed!
Kings and queens,
Presidents,
Bankers, lawyers,
Barroom gents.

IV.

Ditch-diggers, farmers,
Laborers, preachers,
Doctors, dentists,
Nurses, teachers!
Good and pure,
Vulgar, vain,
Criminals galore,
Numbers insane!
Phrases, words,
Swift, swift thoughts
Composed a world
Of many sorts.

V.

My mind, it wandered
Here and there.
Thoughts came to me
From everywhere.
It is a wonder for
Someone like me
To describe this world.
Oh, make it free!

Before The Storm

By

GWENDOLINE DAWSON

SILENCE hangs like the leaden-grey clouds, heavy and depressing, over all. The glassy bay lies expectant, reflecting in its metallic depths the sullen clouds. Not a leaf stirs; Not a bird twitters. In the distance the faint barking of a dog and the crowing of a cock accentuate the complete stillness. Now those even sounds have ceased. Utter silence, ominous silence prevails.

And then far up the bay comes the faint rustling of the wind in the pines. Nothing but that far-distant sound disturbs the gloomy, oppressive stillness. Currents of air ruffle the calm bay. Little ripples at first, and the sweeping along like some unleashed monster, the wind, herald of the approaching storm, bears down upon us. The pines sway and bend low, like slaves before their masters; doors bang, windows are slammed down against the flurry of raindrops, and the storm, in all its fierce abandon, is upon us.



Time Changes Things

By

EDITH WHITTEMORE

The first time that I saw him,
He meant no more to me
Than so many ships a-sailing out on a stormy sea.
The next time that I saw him
I knew t'was really love,
And I think he must have known just what I was thinking of.
The last time that I saw him,
I thought we could not part,
For when he left that evening, he took away my heart.

Vagabond

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

This poem I dedicate to
That race of men who never can,
 In one fixed place make their abode
Who are governed by one law, one goal,
 To keep moving on, their only code.

Over many roads I've trod,
 And beautiful houses seen,
There is but one road that leads on
 To my little home on the green.

Tired now and weary am I,
 Forgotten, old, and forlorn,
Yet my one wish is that I die
 In the house where I was born.

I love that place I call home,
 Though I'll never there return.
It's on my blood always to roam;
 And stronger is that than my yearn.

How often do my thoughts drift back,
 When on the bleak highways I trot,
As I open my old worn knapsack
 And think of days when I was a "tot."

Solemnly I raise my head
 And gaze at the darkened sky:
"Oh, Wanderlust, to you I'm wed—
 A vagabond, I'll live and die."

There Shall Be New Dawns *OR* And The Dawn Comes Up

By

MARGUERITE JENNINGS

AS the sun sends forth its rays, each heading into the unknown realm of heaven, a new dawn begins. It is ever thus with the outgoing Senior.

From the cloistered and secluded halls of college learning and the idealized life of a dormitory, a Senior emerges. The door that leads into tomorrow is open, and beyond lies what? Mixed emotions swirl about in that organ known as the heart. Not doubt, not fear, and yet, not hope. The world outside seems to be seething in a holocaust of confusion. No one dares to hope for too much. No one dares to trust too far. No one dares to believe blindly. Being products of the first World War, we feel too much the pressure of its moral effects. We are not only aware, but we are almost completely conscious of the corruption and the degradation of character that pursued it in its none too narrow course. We know the meaning of inflation, the misery of depression, and the starvation of willing workers. We have seen trusting eyes become hard; we have seen tender mouths become grimly set in a sarcastic grin; we have felt the brittle crack of the smart, cynical tongue. Like the blow from a whip, these things bring back reality and re-

move all tinges of a rosy colored existence. Oh, no, life has not been all forth and bubbles for those children of that other remembered catastrophe.

But the dawn will come up—even on this second World War, and the Senior must pass through that open door. It is not without hope that he faces the tomorrows, but rather it is with a vision that has two feet firmly planted on old terra firma, a vision that borders on idealogy, but yet has at least ten per cent of reality in it. The fears of yesterday are no longer fears. The Senior knows that through the impenetrable darkness lies a new life—a life stripped of its dependance on the family—a life of his own making. This new life will be met with anxious, groping, nervous hands. The minds of American youths are not too clouded with dreams; they see through the glass clearly and they will meet in full that which appears before them. The Senior is not afraid to make that step across the threshold, no, never! The job of living is before him to make of it a task or a pleasure. His standards are high. His ideals are real. His mind is in good shape and on his lips is a smile that will whip the world. Let the dawn come. . . .

Exception

By

KATHRYN MIDDLETON

I am proud to ask a boon of time,
That he should keep me ever young,
My eyes forever bright, my blood forever warm,
And my hand quick and sure.

No, that I would not ask,
Nor make a pact with Fate
To shield my heart from gusts of pain,
To lock out grief,
And make my hearth
A haven from the world.

I want, nor need, no magic lamp,
Not even as a loan.
Life owes me no undue regard,
And luck we make our own.

And yet somewhere within my haughty self,
So small and plain you would not guess its use,
An altar stands to all the Fates
And gods that man has ever known.

You would not recognize me there,
So lowly is my mien.
I scarcely understand myself
As every day I make a pilgrimage,

And bring my gift so humbly
To soothe the ruffled deities
I publicly defy
With words and boasting loud.

At these altars I hang my head,
And beg the prophetess
To tell me that I only dreamed that
Today you loved me less.

Love is Blind

By

KATHLEEN CRITCHETT

Don's eyes are small and brown and red ;
His figure's short and too well-fed.
His mouth's too big, too straight is his hair,
But Don's my love, so I don't care.



All These Continue

By

EDITH WHITTEMORE

The world continues to move on its way ;
The sun, to set at close of day.
The birds to sing in the fresh green trees ;
The delicate flowers to sway in the breeze.
Every day I try harder ; and yet,
There seems no way I can forget.



Bubbles

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

As I watch white bubbles
Drift in upon the shore,
I see they last but for a moment,
Yet soon after they are many more.

Are these optimistic bubbles
Like the dreams we dream in vain ?
After seeing a dream-child die,
Dare we to dream again ?

Mary Washington College

By

RUTH SIMPSON

High on a hill o'erlooking the town,
Mary Washington College stands.
Gracious She stands there year after year,
Becoming to us continuously more dear.

We enter her gates, so young and afraid,
Like little children who from home have strayed;
But we're guided around and shown what to do,
Until we are college girls through and through.

The years will pass quickly, too quickly they'll seem,
Until we've fulfilled our uppermost dream.
Our years on the hill will come to an end,
And into the world our way we will wend.

Though we wander far, there will always be
In our hearts one dear sweet memory . . .
The memory of life on the hill,
And how we'll wish we were there still.

To

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

There was no sound
As the intermingling hues
Across the long expanse of sky
Became night. . . .
Only silence . . . a stillness,
Soothing to youth's restlessness.
A soft moment of stars
When the heart all but melts
And becomes a frightened thing!
Lost in the vain desires—lost even to tears—
If you could but weep. Take heart!
Instead you look with quiet eyes
To the beauty of laced trees
And moonlight and memory.

